

Wichita Daily Eagle

LEAVES.

The leaves came forth, the early spring.
They heard the call of birds on the wing.
The soft white snow had wrapped them warm
From the biting frost—from the bitter storm.
And they whispered to each other the sunbeam
kiss:
"What a very beautiful world is this!"

Yes, the day young leaves had a glorious time
Dancing all day to the south wind's change.
The dewdrops lapped them through summer
night.
Then turned to diamonds with morning light.
And the world looked bright through the radi-
ant dawn.
The beautiful world of sunny dream.

The leaves grew strong and leaved and showed
That curved and rounded them hour by hour.
Their green took many a lovely shade.
As the wind with the sunbeams flattered and
played.
No scars defaced them, no rents were seen,
No trace of rust among the green.

Bright were the woods while the summer
smiled.
But the rain and wind and autumn were wild:
Some leaves at the end of the year remained:
A few were broken and bruised and stained:
The green was faded, the fall mold laid:
'Twas the work of the rain, the storm, the frost,
The cold of the winter.

And thus it is at the close of life:
Heart after heart worn out with strife,
Passion and pain have left their trace
On the bowed-down form, on the careworn face:
There will come from leaves, when the winter
is o'er,
But the green to the old leaf returns no more.

And dark it would be our brief youth, past,
But for hope of a spring that will ever last,
When the green comes back to adorn the leaf,
When the scars are healed, and the rents are
grief.
At rest from storms of sorrow and strife,
Are the beautiful leaves of the Tree of Life!

—Mary Gores, in Chambers' Journal

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.
HE stirring ad-
venture herein
recorded oc-
curred a few
years prior to
Gen. Wayne's
celebrated
campaign against the Indians of the
northwest in 1794.

A party of savages from Ohio had
crossed into Kentucky, collected a
large number of horses belonging
to certain of the settlers and
escaped with them across the river
unmolested. It was a more than
thieving expedition unattended with loss
of life or violence. The scout, Joshua
Baker, was a sufferer by this foray.
Four horses were stolen from him,
among them a fine, blooded mare, on
which he set a high value.

On discovering his loss, without wait-
ing time in summoning the assistance
of neighbors, he set out at once in pur-
suit, accompanied by an Irishman in
his employ named Delaney.

Bold Mike Delaney was a true son of
Erin, a stalwart fellow of about thirty
years of age, a native of Dublin. Mike
loved a fray, and especially when the
odds were on the other side, and he
hated red niggers, as the Indians were
sometimes called.

Though he had been but a few years
upon the frontier a lively experience in
Indian fighting, during that exciting
period when the savages from the
neighborhood of the Miami and the
Scioto, alarmed at the steady encroach-
ments of the whites, were redoubting
their exertions against them, had
taught him many of the ways. It
had not conquered in him, however,
that spirit of reckless audacity which on
more than one occasion had been near
proving the end of him.

The scout, on the other hand, by a
long and active apprenticeship in bor-
der warfare, had become thoroughly
versed in Indian character, in savage
ways and wiles, and was one of the most
trusted men upon the frontier. Though
venturesome he was prudent, and en-
joyed among the settlers a reputation
for courage and sagacity not inferior to
that of Boone or Kenton.

proached that they could not only hear
distinctly the voices, but could distin-
guish the features of some of the nearer
Indians.

To the north of the camp the horses,
of which there were nearly a hundred,
including those stolen and those be-
longing to the Indians, were turned
loose to browse upon the pasturage of
the wild meadow. Their stragglings
were limited by a narrow stream which
crossed the meadow from forest to
forest. No other restraint seemed im-
posed.

The hunters, having made due sur-
vey of the camp, then determined to
withdraw and take up a position in
nearby proximity to the horses. The
shades of night, which were rapidly
coming on, enabled them to execute
this maneuver with less likelihood of
detection. Withdrawing more toward
the interior of the wood, they descend-
ed a long, gently sloping hill within
the forest, and reached the bank of the
stream referred to, near where it left
the meadow. Following its course, they
presently emerged into the open,
keeping carefully behind the shelter of
the trees.

Twilight had set in now, and the
prospect was becoming more obscured
every moment. The moon, which rode
high in the heavens, was nearly hidden
by clouds, while faint gleams of light-
ning and the rumble of distant thunder
announced an approaching storm. The
camp fires were seen to the south burn-
ing brightly, and dusky forms flitting
about them.

"Hill, Mike!" whispered Baker, lay-
ing his hand on his companion's shoul-
der, as they peered over a bank in the
direction of the camp. "Was that a
voice yonder? Hark!" Both men bent
their ears to listen. "There by the tree,
I mean."

"I heard nothing more than a chip-
munk barkin' in the bush," answered
Mike, presently. "A more elegant sound,
be me soul, than any reindeer I ever
made."

"I must have been mistaken," replied
Baker, after a brief silence thereupon
ensued, after which he continued:
"I'd like to know just where to lay
hands on the mare. I can't make her
out now, but I marked her well this
evening, browsing toward the middle
of the field. She was feeding this way.
She can't be far from here now, unless
she turned back, which she may have
done."

"If we can't use a dozen or so of them
off by the side of the wood yonder and
get away, we'll be doing a good day's
job, I'm thinkin'," remarked Delaney.
"It ought not to be so hard."

"Have you the ropes safe?" inquired
the scout after a pause, during which
he rose, half erect, upon the bank, in
order to take a wider survey of the
prospect.

"As safe as myself," replied Mike,
"and that's not so safe, either, perhaps,
but ready for use, all the same."

Meanwhile the yells of the savage
had aroused the camp, as well as the
others stationed along the bank of the
stream and by the wood. Yells re-
sounded on all hands. The horses loose
in the pasture, terrified by the noise
and confusion, were charging about,
and a regular stampede was commencing;
while the Indians, perplexed and un-
certain as yet as to the nature or
number of the foe, were bounding
about, uttering most diabolical shrieks,
and brandishing their weapons.

Grim warriors, stalwart of form,
scarred in battle, young braves who
had been no more than once or twice on
the war-path, all naked to the waist,
hideous with fierce passion, mingled
their yells together in horrible discord.
The lightning was so incessant now
that there was scarcely any intermis-
sion between its flashes, the thunder
made a continuous roar, and the wind,
which was high, swept the rain in
sheets.

"Mount, Mike! Mount!" yelled Baker,
at the top of his voice, seeing Delaney
come bounding toward him, and throw-
ing him the rope with which he had se-
cured Christopher. "The game is up,
and we must run for it!"

So saying he threw himself upon the
mare's back, and dashed his heels into
her sides. The noble animal paved the
air for a moment, then, to her master's
"On! On!" sprang forward like a shot,
Mike closely following upon Chris-
topher.

Down they bore at a furious pace
upon the foe whose forms were illu-
minated with ghastly distinctness by
the lightning. The next moment they
were in the midst of the hellish confu-
sion, dealing blows to right and left of
them as they tore along. It was as mad
a career as was ever run by mortal men,
amid yells, curses and groans, scattered
fires and ascending clouds of smoke
and ashes, the whole herd thundering
along in front, beside and behind them.
Many bullets flew about their ears, but
these and other missiles, as if by mir-
acle, they escaped.

In another moment the ordeal was
past. The howls, groans and cries of
battered rage from the camp grew
fainter and fainter as they receded,
and soon died out altogether. The
steady beat of hoofs was, aside from
those of the tempest, the only sound
which fell upon the ears of the hunters,
whose steeds rapidly bore them to the
van. Soon the storm, having spent its
main force, began to abate. The clouds
gradually broke up and rolled away,
and the moon and stars shone forth.
The pace of the horses, from a headlong
gallop, continued unabated for a mile
or two, then slackened by degrees to a
trot and finally to a walk.

At a little after dawn the hunters
came up with a party from Kentucky,
who, like themselves, had set forth in
pursuit of the savages. Having either
missed the trail or despaired of over-
taking the foe, they were returning
home. The sight of their property,
which they had given up for lost, thus
unexpectedly restored without any
hazard on their part in its recovery,
was a surprise, indeed, and a gratifica-
tion. The increase, of course, belonged
to the hunters.

How many Indians were killed or
wounded in that wild stampede they
never knew, but many must have per-
ished. As for Baker and Delaney, their
deed won them praise wherever it was
known, and was long talked of on the
frontier, even where bold deeds were
common.—James S. Pride, in N. Y.
Ledger.

—Barnum, the showman, never
lacked either words or wit in any emer-
gency. One day he met a man who val-
ued greatly his friendship, but could
not accept his religious views. After a
pleasant chat on various matters the
conversation turned, and Mr. Barnum's
special views were discussed. In part-
ing, Mr. Barnum's friend said: "Now,
my dear sir, do you really think you will
go to Heaven?" "Well, that depends,"
said Mr. Barnum, promptly, "but, my
good sir, I think I have the greatest
show on earth."

—In 1872 Congress passed an act for
setting apart a large tract of the public
domain, about forty miles square, ly-
ing near the head waters of the Yel-
lowstone river, on the northeastern
slope of the Rocky mountains, for a
public park. It is withdrawn from sale,
settlement or occupancy, and is dedi-
cated to the "pleasure and enjoyment of
the people of the United States."

FOOLISH, AND YET—?

I read to-day a curious tale,
By an old writer told:
A story in which man will fail
A lesson to behold.

"Once on a time," two brothers walked
Beneath a starry sky,
And, as they strolled together, talked
Of what did round them lie.

As thus the two, conversing, trod
The pleasant path they took,
Lifting his eyes from aloft and so,
One upward chanced to look.

He noted, in his careless glance,
The azure arch o'erhead;
And, as he viewed the fair expanse,
Thus to his brother said:

"I wish I owned a meadow-field
As large as you blue sea see,
How many tons of grass 'twould yield!
How rich I were—ah, me!"

Thereupon his brother, hearing that,
Likewise the heavens scanned,
And said, half earnest, half for chat:
"Could I wish such command,

"I'd have of cattle, fat and fine,
As much as the best
Of radiant stars to-night that shine—
Who could such riches bring?"

"And pray," the other queried, "where
Would you so many lead?
Why, in the pasture you declare
You wish were yours, indeed?"

"But not without permission, though,"
The former sternly spoke;
"I would, whoever told me no!"
And thus their talk awhile.

From angry words to angry blows
The wranglers soon are brought;
Till one lies low in death's repose—
Death by a brother wrought!

And all for what?—for idle dreams
Of what could never be!
We read the story strange but deem
Foolish as each their sin.

And yet I wonder if in fact
Strife never thus commence—
If boys, girls, grown folks, e'er do act
With quite as little sense!

—Rev. Philip B. Strong, in Golden Days.

NO LAGGARD IN LOVE.
R. JOHN WY-
LIE, the emi-
nent Chicago
philanthro-
pist, was in a
rage of such
empurple
intensity that apoplexy seemed a
no distant climax. But a word, not a fit,
culminated the outward manifestation
of wrath.

end of the hall. We want you to feel
that we are your friends, and we would
be glad to have those present who are
so disposed offer a few remarks on any
line of thought the services of this even-
ing may have suggested.

There was an uneasy shuffling of
feet, a few curious glances, a laugh or
two, then silence. Mr. Wylie waited.
A stir in the back part of the room
caused the people to turn their heads.
A young man was going forward. He
was athletic in build and dark of com-
plexion. A stubble of black beard cov-
ered his face. His garments were new
but ill-fitting. As he reached the plat-
form Mr. Wylie stretched forth a welcom-
ing hand. The young man refused it.
"Not yet, sir," he said. "Wait till you
have heard me talk. Then if you re-
new your offer I will thankfully accept
it." He turned to the now expectant
audience. "My friends," he began, "I
want to tell you a story. It is of a
young man, about my age, let us
say, and in looks very much
like me. Three years ago he held
a position of trust. He had friends
and opportunities. The future was
bright before him. He got into bad
company and began to go down hill.
He used money that was not his. He
could not replace it. Detection became
only a matter of time, so he stole
another and larger sum and fled the
country. He escaped those he had
wronged, but he could not escape con-
science. He grew to dread the face of
his fellow man, and to fear an officer of
justice in every visitor from his native
country. Finally—he was in South
America—he determined to hide him-
self among the wilds of the Andes and
engaged guides to direct his progress
toward a obscure Indian village. They
started on the journey at night. In
that far-off land a constellation shines
which is known as the southern cross,
and which marks the hours so well for
the humble peon by its steady progress
through the heavens that he rever-
ently calls it 'God's clock in the
sky.' Well, they plodded on
silently through the darkness of the
forest. They reached a small opening
and stopped to rest. The guides threw
down their burdens, and one, looking
upward, cried: 'His sentinel midnight
is past, the cross begins to bend.' A
great light flashed on the fugitive's
soul. A voice seemed softly urging:
'Look up, oh, sin-scarred wanderer,
and view the symbol of the Christian's
faith. See how 'tis beaming in kindly
mercy o'er thy path. Let thy midnight
Return, atone, be free! The criminal
obeys the voice. He did return, he did
atone. He is free."

"My friends, it is not two weeks since
the great gates opened for him at Joliet
and he went forth a free man. Free
from the haunting fear of a police-
man's second look, free from the fear
of an unpunished sin, free to fight
his way up again to a name and place
among his fellow men. I am as poor
as the poorest among you to-night. I
haven't a cent in my pocket and I don't
know where I shall sleep. But if by
the reaching out of my hand I could
reveal in ill-gotten wealth I would scorn
the opportunity. I stand here a free
man. I will be a slave to evil no more.

"That is the little story I wanted to
tell you. If it has any moral it is,
starve rather than steal. Be good men
and women, and remember that hon-
esty and virtue are of more worth than
the highest wages sin can pay. I bid
you all good night."

He started to leave the platform. Mr.
Wylie stopped him. "You have forgot-
ten," he said. "The two men clasped
hands."

George H. Todd was a Jew. George
H. Todd was the finest young man in
Chicago. George H. Todd hadn't his
equal in business ability, and a hand-
some fellow never put on a dress suit.

In such wise did Mr. Wylie sound the
praises of his private secretary. When
pressed for particulars of his protégé's
history or family he would smile blandly
and respond: "I engaged George H.
Todd a year ago. I speak of him as I
know him. He brought the best recom-
mendation I could ask for. If God
had given me a son I could wish him to
be no different from what George H.
Todd now is."

The private secretary had spoken
many times at mission meetings since
the night when his patron first took
him by the hand. He had been an ex-
periment with the kindly but choleric
capitalist. Now he was a necessity.
Mr. Wylie had no more "brotherhood"
about business matters. The first of
every month he was handed a clear
statement of the transactions under-
taken at his order—the amount of rents
collected, the investments made, re-
ceipts for every item of expenditure,
bank-books balanced showing to a cent
the amount of cash on deposit. All
seemed to go so smoothly. No fret, no
worry, no attention, yet no seeming
overwork, for every evening after din-
ner the private secretary, smiling, re-
spectful, handsome, was entirely at
liberty to invade the salons with the
old gentleman or escort the ladies to a
party or the theater. Mrs. Wylie
shared her husband's admiration. Their
only regret was that he had never con-
fided in them the details of his life
prior to the moment when he first en-
tered their doors. Ruth alone kept
him at a distance. Her coolness he en-
dured with a proud humility and a
deference that never wavered and never

rank below the homage of a gentleman
to a lady.

"I thought your talk at the mission
to-night a very powerful one, George.
Indeed, to my mind, it was your best
effort," remarked Mr. Wylie as the
group gathered for their usual chat one
evening before retiring. "But why did
you bid them all farewell so earnestly?
I take it that many thought you weren't
to be with them again."

"Perhaps I shall not, Mr. Wylie," was
the quiet reply. "It all depends on you.
I want to have a very serious talk in
the morning, and then you must decide
whether I remain."

"Depends on me? Why, George, what
do you mean?"
"I ought to have said it depends on
all of you. I can say no more till to-
morrow. Good night."

Mr. Wylie went to his room very much
perplexed.

"I can't understand this, Mary," he
complained to his wife. "I thought
George was satisfied, and I don't know
how I'm to get along without him."

"Has it ever occurred to you, John,"
she suggested, "that he may have fallen
in love with Ruth?"

"God bless my soul; that jail—hold
on, what am I saying? Let me think."
He pondered a moment and then re-
sumed.

"Mary, I have been hot-headed for
years. I have been hot-headed in the
past. I know. I frightened poor Ruth
nearly ill by storming about her school
flirtation, and by trying to argue her
into a marriage with Frank Lowndes.
See if you agree with me in this: If
George wants her, and outside that one
crime can show that he has been honest
and comes of a respectable family, he
can have her, can't he?"

"If Ruth consents, John."

"Of course, of course, if Ruth con-
sents. Then George was mistaken. It
doesn't depend on three of us; it de-
pends on Ruth."

Very little was said by anyone at
breakfast. After the meal was over
they retired to the library. George be-
gan at once: "Mr. Wylie, I have be-
lieved you in a manner which you may
not forgive. Love of your daughter led
me—"

"Wait. You say you love Ruth?"
"Yes, sir."

"Ruth! Come here, child. You are all
we possess in the world, your mother
and I. You may have thought in the
past that your father was harsh and un-
kind. Now you shall find him neither.
Has George spoken to you?"

"Yes, papa," whispered the pretty
maiden, twining her arms about the
old man's neck, "some time ago, and I
insisted he must tell you all the story;
and don't be very, very angry, papa
dear, for I love him."

Worry tells, sadly, on
woman's health and
beauty.

Beecham's Pills

(Tasteless)

fortify the nerves and
will help to banish
many an anxiety.

Price 25 cents.

AIR-TIGHT PIES.

The Man with the Ginger Beard Tells a
Story of Early Colorado Days.

"Them fellers at Chicago is a makin'
a whole lot of money in the hash busi-
ness," said the man with the ginger
beard, "but I jist bet they ain't none
of them got on to the scheme that a
feller out in Colorado did once."

The grocer sat looking dreamily out
the window, wondering when his com-
mission was coming with the postmas-
tership, says the Indianapolis Journal.
The man with the ginger beard noticed
his abstraction, got insulted, walked
across the street, thought better of it,
came back and went on as though the
grocer had exhibited the deepest interest.

"It was jist like this," he said. "This
here feller made a thousand dollars in
one year sellin' air-tight pies."
"What is air-tight pies?"

"Air-tight pies," said the man with
the ginger beard, "is pies which is air-
tight. The feller made 'em this way.
Them pies was made out of two crusts,
and the fillin' was wind, which he
blowed into them till they was about
two inches thick. You see, he sold
them pies to the tourists, to be off
the premises—mostly when they was
out explorin'. Feller would buy the
pie, thinking it was the thickest pie
for the money that ever he had bought,
and so it was; but when he come to bite
into it his teeth would come together
so sudden that some of 'em was jist as
likely to break off as not. But then
tenderfoot is made to be skinned, and
when the Lord sends one a good man's
way he is a sucker himself if he don't
do him up as he should be did."

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

THE receipts of the American Bap-
tist Home Mission society for the year
ending April were \$478,865.89.

This report comes from Paris that a
colony of 2,000 Welshmen are likely to
settle in North Carolina next spring.

The American Home Missionary so-
ciety has had the most successful year
since its organization, 67 years ago.
Its total receipts from all sources, up
to April 1, were \$759,841.39. This sum
is \$77,032.11 in excess of the receipts of
the preceding year and frees the so-
ciety from debt.

Mrs. JOHN VINTON DARLINGTON has
erected a chapel of the Sacred Heart
in the grounds of the Georgetown uni-
versity at a cost of \$50,000. The chapel
is in memory of her first son, who died
in infancy. It is built in English
Gothic style, finished in polished oak,
with timbered roof. There is an altar
of richly carved marble.—N. Y. Tribune.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres.

STATEMENT Of the Condition of the Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency
at the Close of Business,
May 4th, 1893.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$628,483.46
Bonds and Stocks	21,301.81
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	1,186.18
Cash and Exchange	215,864.78
	\$984,086.23
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,774.85
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	637,311.38
	\$984,086.23

Correct, C. A. WALKER, Cashier.

DAVIDSON & CASE

John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman
of Sedgewick County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1870

A complete stock of Pine Lumber
shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash,
etc., always on hand.

Office and yards on Mosley street
between Douglas and First at
branch yards at Union City, Okla.
Hanna City, El Reno and Mingo, Okla.
home territory.

E. L. Davidson, Jr., President.
J. P. Allen, Vice President.
W. H. L. Davidson, Cashier.
J. P. Allen, Secretary.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL \$100,000
RESERVE 100,000

DIRECTORS
John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen,
J. M. Allen, P. H. Brady, J. M. Allen, J. M.
Edwards, L. D. Davidson, J. M. Davidson.

MEN OF ALL AGES

may be cured. We treat
all sexual disorders of
men, young or old, of
whichever nature, whether
mental, moral, or physical,
and pay the penalty of
early treatment.

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HEART." JOY TRAVELS ALONG WITH
SAPOLIO